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SIXPENCE.

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THE RENEWED ALLIED ADVANCE IN THE BALKANS: A BRITISH LIGHT-ARTILLERY GUN BOMBARDING AN ENEMY POSITION ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

In spite of weather difficulties, according to the news from Macedonia at the time of writing, the Allies in that quarter keep going steadily forward. The Allied operations on the Balkan Front are largely an artillery battle across intervening mountain ridges. Unseen enemy positions have to be shelled from miles off. The guns have to be

laid on invisible targets, partly by the map, partly by means of information telephoned or "wirelessed" to the battery firing-line. Aeroplanes—and observation-officers ensconced in hidden posts among the hills in front, with the enemy in view from there—control the aim as completely as though the artillerymen saw the enemy.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is one of the paradoxes of man that a small thing seems so much larger than a large thing. We notice a sky-sign when we do not notice the sky; we realise a landmark when we scarcely realise the land; and we look up with awe at the whirling stars above us, without once becoming conscious of the whirling star on which we stand. A small thing is an object; and a large thing is merely a background. The truth has, of course, very deep roots, lying close to what religion has always said of the dependence and the ingratitude of man. It may not be tactful for the philosopher, meeting a man with a pebble in his shoe, to remind him that he is very lucky to have any legs. It may be incautious for the mystic, when the housewife complains of a cobweb on the ceiling, to tell her that the ceiling might fall on her any minute. But the philosopher and the mystic are quite right, for all that; and the truth of what they say is often disinterred in the earthquake of war-time, when limbs are really carried away by cannon-balls or roofs come rushing down under the shock of shells. In this, war is very like an earthquake, for an earthquake is a thing in which the largest thing we know begins to move, and to remind us for the first time of how long it has been lying still.

We have reached a particular point in the present war at which it is supremely necessary to stretch our minds, so as to take in the large things and not merely the small. For it is not too much to say that the large things are going right and the small things are going wrong. Pessimism or even panic can be created by a simple trick of mental contraction. It is an optical illusion which can see Roumania and cannot see Russia. It could see the capture of Kut, for the very reason that Kut was a small and isolated outpost, a little dot upon a large plain. It has never grasped the gigantic haul of captures which Brussiloff made in Galicia, for the very reason that it ran into long figures—and with the imagination noughts go for nought. To be told that among a multitude of adventures in aviation such-and-such a proportion of successes shows the English aviators to have the mastery of the German, leaves on the mind only a confused impression, as of a cloud of flies in the air. It cannot compare in consciousness and intensity with the excitement of watching one speck in the sky above London and knowing it is a Zeppelin, though the Zeppelin has most probably lost its way, wasted its bombs, and is wavering towards a flaming fall. In this sense it is not even the largeness of the Zeppelin that is impressive, but rather its smallness. It is compact and clear in shape; it is an object, and not a vista or a vast design. The same thing that makes it too small to carry any serious military force, too small to do any wide military damage, too small to attack an army or attempt an invasion—the same thing that makes it too small for these things gives it also the most final and effective advantage of smallness. It is too small to be ignored.

Stretching our imagination to the scale of the war ought undoubtedly to sober us as against any merely vainglorious confidence or any merely negligent satisfaction. But quite as undoubtedly it ought to

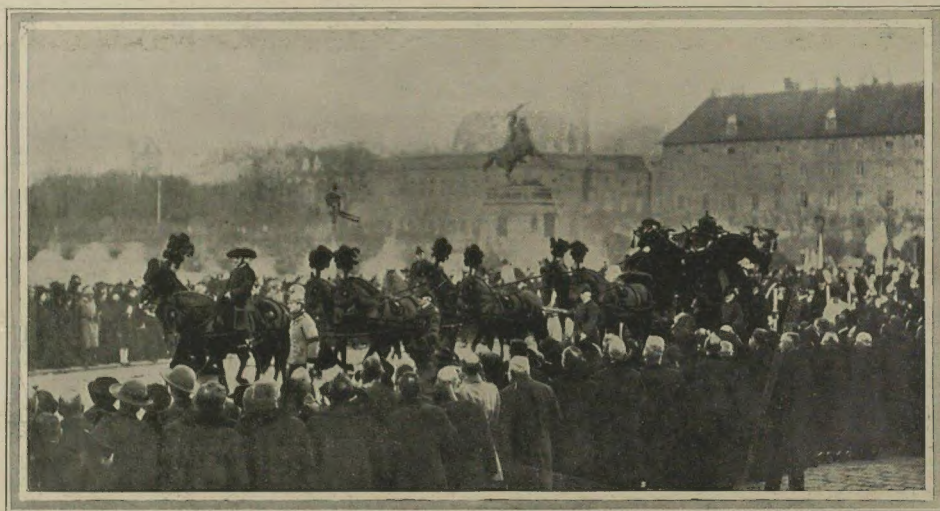
stiffen us as against the quite fantastic blue devils that have been dancing on a hundred wires during the last few weeks. If there is no instant cause for exultation, there is even less cause for any kind of depression; and there seem to be many people who have no notion of the existence of anything normal between these two extremes. Anything seems sufficient to upset the seat of judgment; the seat of judgment has become a swing or a see-saw. Such an onlooker has often been satirised as an arm-chair critic; but I cannot see that he is any nearer to being on the spot by making his arm-chair a rocking-chair. To be elated when a village is captured in the morning, and cast down when it is lost again in the afternoon—this is not to follow the course of a war. It is simply to be ignorant of the very nature of a war. A certain amount of this levity of lamentation, for instance, is unconsciousness of the striking scientific fact that winter comes after summer. This is surely a somewhat dangerous and unworthy way of being affected by the weather. There is only one way of correcting anything so chaotic as this blend of temperament and temperature. It is to look

because he will take a little longer to beat. This is human enough, heaven knows, considering the incessance of the sacrifice. For that matter, it is very human to wave a white flag or to run away. But people are not called strenuous patriots because they encourage that part of their humanity. A man is not supposed to be saving the Empire when he waves a white rag; but apparently he is when he waves a printed rag. He is not complimented for "realising the seriousness of the war" when he lets his legs run away with him. But apparently he is when he lets his words and his feelings run away with him. Yet it is surely far less pardonable in us, who see so little of the horror, that we should so easily get the horrors. If a man can conquer his twitches when he has to wait in a trench and fix a bayonet, he might surely conquer them when he has only to wait in a club and read a newspaper. No; if our feeling is simply disappointment, we should sharply tell ourselves that such disappointment is very disappointing. When we went to war with the evil so deeply entrenched in Central Europe, we ought to have discounted a hundred

delays and expected a hundred disappointments. When we sent men to be blown about by deathly explosives, we ought at least to have been secure against being blown about by every wind of doctrine; we ought to have known that the sign in which we conquer is the cross and not the weather-cock.

A nurse who had done noble and obscure service in a wild district at the beginning of the war recounted how for weeks and months together she and her little colony were cut off from any news whatever. She said that after a certain number of days, they were all gripped with an unmeaning conviction of calamity; and went

about their work as if the final defeat of the Allies had been publicly announced in the hospital. Still no news came of any kind; and some days later they were all glowing with an equally mysterious faith, hope, and security about the fate of the world. There was no external cause for their hopelessness; and there was no external cause for their hope. Whether it was a mood or a more mystical sort of trial, the whole transformation scene took place within the walls of their hospital, and even within the walls of their brains. If a state of consciousness were a thing subject to analysis or resolution into its parts, it would be interesting to discover how much of the hilarity or the rather hysterical depression of our cities would still take place if no war news were to reach them at all. Certainly their psychological condition often seems to have little or nothing to do with the war news that does reach them. And even when that news is whipped up into a froth by journalistic fallacies, even when a panic is deliberately spread, the mystery may still attach to those who spread it, and may vary with the society in which it spreads. I only recall one fact: whether by an accident or a more divine irony, the days when the little hospital was at its lowest deeps of melancholia were most probably the days in which Manoury wheeled round the western end of the battle-line along the Marne, and Foch rode in triumph through the battle-breach of the Prussian Guard.



THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA: THE HEARSE, ATTENDED BY THE IMPERIAL BODYGUARD.

Photograph by Vereenigde Fotobureaux.

at the large facts, the largest facts that we can find. It is to look beyond the landmarks, which may deceive and alter, and see the landscape which will endure.

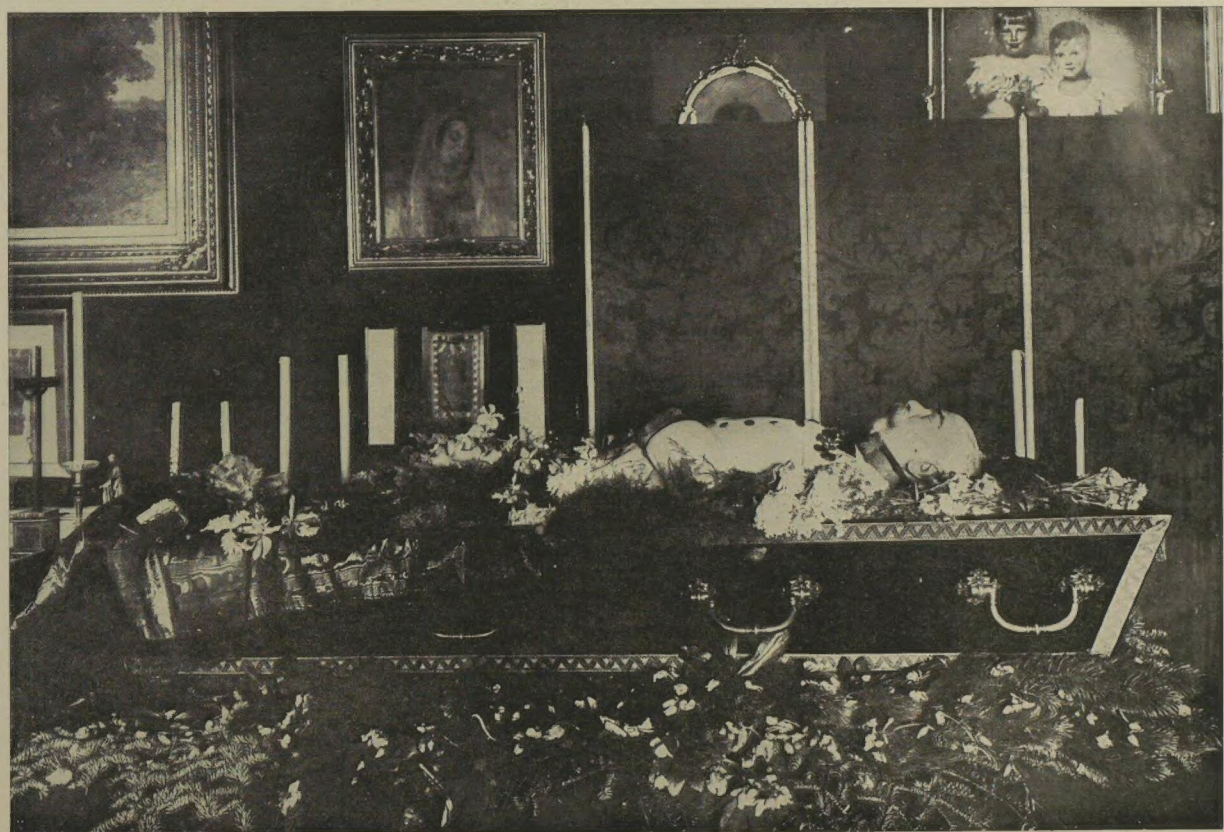
Now, the large fact is that the large designs of Germany have not only failed but ceased; and that her comparatively small designs are having a certain success. She first made a large effort upon the West; she was pinned upon the West, and she is now increasingly pressed upon the West. She has since made one last effort to reverse this situation in the Verdun sector; and (to put the matter at its very mildest) she is immeasurably worse off than if she had never made it at all. She made her other large effort in the East, having good hopes of breaking altogether an army beggared of munitions. She was so far from succeeding that the beggared army was able to return re-armed, and not only to roll back but to capture unexpectedly enormous fragments of her armies. After these two large efforts to the West and East she has made no similarly large efforts at all; but she pursued the retreating Serbians, and she is now pursuing the retreating Roumanians. All these are very stale facts; but they are still overwhelmingly the most important facts. We may tire of them, as we may tire of a landscape; but we need not relieve our feelings by falsely asserting that the landscape is a landslide. The truth is, I take it, that it is not a doubt about beating the enemy, but a disappointment

THE DEAD AUSTRIAN EMPEROR: IN CHAPEL AND PALACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY VERENIGDE FOTOBUREAUX, AMSTERDAM.



THE HOFBURG CHAPEL AS A *CHAPELLE ARDENTE*: THE WREATHS AND BIER CANDLES RANGED BESIDE THE LATE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA'S COFFIN.



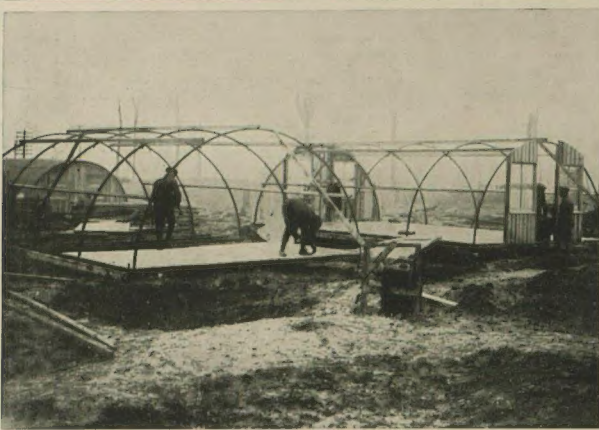
IN THE IMPERIAL APARTMENTS OF SCHÖNBRUNN PALACE: THE BODY OF THE LATE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, IN FIELD-MARSHAL'S UNIFORM.

During the latter part of the interval between the death and the final placing of the coffin in the vaults of the Imperial Mausoleum in the Capuchin Monastery, the remains of the Emperor Francis Joseph were laid in state in the Hofburg Chape, Vienna. There, for centuries, as each Hapsburg Emperor in turn passed away, their coffins have been temporarily laid while the royal mourners and other personages attending the funeral have been on their way to the capital, to be present at the Benediction Service, held

in St. Stephen's Cathedral, on the day of the street procession through the city with the remains. In spite of the war, little or nothing was omitted of the elaborate pomp and traditional ceremonial with which the late Emperor's predecessors were laid to rest. Francis Joseph died at the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn, a few miles out of Vienna, and the body was removed thence to the Hofburg Chapel at night, with a torchlight escort of Court Chamberlains and military. Court officials and chaplains watched there.

CONSTRUCTION AND DESTRUCTION: SOME CONTRASTS AT THE FRONT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



CONSTRUCTIVE WORK ON THE BRITISH FRONT: ERECTING A NEW TYPE OF HUT FOR THE TROOPS.



QUARTERS CONSTRUCTED FOR FOUR-FOOTED CAMPAIGNERS: HORSES IN OPEN-AIR STABLES AT THE FRONT.



HIGHLANDERS HELPING FRENCH PEASANTS TO GET IN THEIR VEGETABLE CROPS: MEN OF THE SEAFORTHS OCCUPIED IN UPROOTING POTATOES ON A FRENCH FARM.



CONSTRUCTION FOLLOWED BY DESTRUCTION: A STRONG HEDGE OF GERMAN BARBED WIRE AT BEAUCOURT.



DUG-OUT CONSTRUCTION ON THE LATEST LINES: BRITISH TROOPS ENGAGED IN BUILDING A SHELTER.

Some interesting contrasts between the constructive and the destructive side of war are afforded by these photographs. As examples of construction, they show the method of building a new type of hut for the troops, with raised floors and roofs of corrugated iron over an arched framework; also the method of building a dug-out on improved lines which are the result of long experience of trench-warfare. In the case of the open-air stables for horses, we see the finished result of the work, with the animals installed in their quarters and being groomed and fed. Potato-digging, perhaps, can hardly be classed

as constructive work, except as a stage in the process of building up sound human bodies by wholesome food. Incidentally, the photograph of the Seaforts thus employed is an instance of the friendly sympathy existing between our men and the French peasants, both being always ready to do each other a good turn. The left-hand photograph at the foot of the page shows the immense strength of the German barbed wire at Beaucourt which our guns had to uproot with high explosive. This is a case of German construction followed by British destruction.

BRITAIN ON THE BALKAN FRONT: IN ACTION AND OFF DUTY.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



LYING LOW; AND LITTLE THE WORSE: IN THE BRITISH INFANTRY TRENCH-LINES DURING A BULGARIAN ARTILLERY "STRAFE."



AN INTERVAL OF QUIET BETWEEN "STRAFES": SMILING FACES OF A GUN-PIT PARTY LINED UP BEFORE THE CAMERA.



SQUANDERING BULGARIAN AMMUNITION: ENEMY SHELLS "SEARCHING" A WOOD IN A VALLEY FOR ANY BRITISH POSSIBLY POSTED THERE.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER FIRING A SHOT OVER HIGH GROUND: A BRITISH LIGHT ARTILLERY GUN IN ACTION IN THE OPEN ON A HILL-SIDE.



A "PLEASANT SUNDAY AFTERNOON" IN A BRITISH TRENCH-LINE DUG-OUT: NO "STRAFE" ON, AND TIME TO READ THE PAPERS FROM HOME.

Speaking generally, from the newspaper accounts of the situation in the Balkans, the British hold the eastern sector of the Allied front in Macedonia, and the Lake Doiran region of the Greek border. The French and Serbians are mainly massed on the western sector, and in the Monastir country. There our Allies, from the latest official and other telegrams, are advancing step by step, forcing back the enemy's efforts at a counter-offensive. Meanwhile, beyond skirmishing and occasional engagements, the British, for their part, remain entrenched, holding the enemy before them in check, and within artillery range of the Bulgarians in that quarter. Artillery 'duels' take place almost daily,

the gunners on both sides firing mostly across the hills between the opposing armies. Our illustrations show what that sort of warfare means for the combatants. While the enemy's "strafe" of our lines is proceeding, our infantry in the trenches keep under cover, leaving the task of hitting back to our gunners. Not a few of the enemy's shells are wasted, fired blindfold and bursting ineffectively. When no "strafe" is going on, the men come up and enjoy life unconcernedly; or read the papers in their dug-outs. In the fourth illustration, showing a light gun in action, the gun has that instant been discharged. The centre man of the three on the left is setting a fuze for range, in readiness for the next shot.

NATURAL HARDSHIPS: THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST "GENERAL MUD" ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



CLAD IN WATERPROOF SHEETS AND TRENCH-WADERS: A WORKING PARTY ABOUT TO START OFF IN THE RAIN.



BRINGING UP SUPPLIES UNDER DIFFICULTIES: TRANSPORT-WAGONS



REACH A POINT WHERE THE ROAD IS COMPLETELY UNDER WATER.



A BRANCH OF THE SERVICE THAT GOES ON IN ALL WEATHERS: A FIELD-KITCHEN IN THE MUD.



RESCUED FROM MUD INTO WHICH HE SANK TO THE ARM-PITS: A MIRE-STAINED SOLDIER.



"EIGHT MILES OR SO OF QUATRE"RE . . . ALL SLIMY AND GLUTINOUS



IN A SERIES OF SWAMPS: A GENERAL VIEW ON THE ANCRE.



MUDDY BUT CHEERFUL: A BRITISH SOLDIER WHO HAD RESCUED A COMRADE.

On the British front "General Mud" for some time has proved a more formidable foe than the Germans. It was he, in fact, who saved the latter from the full effects of our offensive, coming to their aid at a critical moment. The difficulties and dangers to which our troops have been exposed by bad weather were described recently by Mr. Philip Gibbs. "The men in the trenches," he writes, "are having a hard time. Up in the front lines there is no comfort, no shelter, no rest for them, and they need all their courage and strength to endure their wetness, their coldness, and the foul conditions into which they have been plunged by a month of rain. . . . The rains . . . created a condition of things in and behind the lines quite fantastically disagreeable, and men who were living and fighting on our front where it drops below the high ridge of the Flanders line are reminded of this time at Ypres in the first November of dismal memories. The Canadians . . . have been telling me the tale of their experience with that kind of laugh which men give when they come safely out

of hideous adventures. It was a sheer fight for life against natural hardships, and the other fighting, against human creatures . . . seems to them now of less importance than their struggle with the inhumanity of the weather. . . . Away behind them . . . stretched eight miles or so of quagmire, through which on dry days our armies had fought since the beginning of the Somme battles. It was that great battlefield churned up by shell-fire and mine-explosions during four months and more of ceaseless bombardment, and now all slimy and glutinous in a series of swamps. What had been an hour's walk on summer days became a weary and difficult trudge in winter, and then men floundered between the shell-holes and the mud-hills like lost souls in infernal darkness. Men carrying ammunition-boxes slipped and fell in the mud. Men carrying food supplies failed to reach the front lines because they had fallen up to their necks in the ice-cold water of deep pits, and were crying out for rescue. The question of getting up supplies to the fighting men became a vital problem."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, SWAINE, GALE AND FOLDEN, RUSSE L, DDBENHAM, BASSANO, AND RACON AND SONS.



LIEUT.-COL. C. E. GOFF, M.C.,
The King's (Liverpool) Regt. Son of late
John Crosbie Goff and Mrs. Goff, Killiney,
Co. Dublin.



MAJOR S. L. THORNE,
Canadian Infantry. Officially
reported by the War Office,
killed in action.



MAJOR
C. W. J. K. LENDRUM,
R. Inniskilling Fusiliers. Son
of Mrs. Lendrum, Bundoran.



LIEUT.-COL. A. F. MACK,
Suffolk Regiment. Has been officially
reported by the War Office as killed
in action.



LIEUT.-COMMANDER
GEOFFREY N. BIGGS, R.N.,
Chevalier of Legion of Honour. Son of Mr.
and Mrs. John Biggs, Batheaston.



2ND LT. J. C. SALUSBURY
JONES,
K.O. Yorkshire L.I. Son of Mr.
J. Salusbury Jones, Haverhill.



LIEUT. V. E. FANNING,
Oxford and Bucks Light In-
fantry. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
F. C. Fanning, Oxford.



MAJOR R. A. SHAW,
R. Field Artillery. Son of late Mr. F. A.
Shaw and of Mrs. Shaw, Harlington, Mil-
ford-on-Sea.



MAJOR VERE D. LOXLEY,
R.M.L.I. Son of late Rev. Arthur Loxley,
and Mrs. Loxley, Little Cloisters, Gloucester.
Killed in action.



2ND LT. B. J. BARTHOLOMEW,
Cameron Highlanders. Son
of Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew,
"Grassington," Beckenham.



CAPT. H. W. H. RAWSON,
Oxford and Bucks L.I.
Son of Admiral Sir Harry F.
Rawson, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.



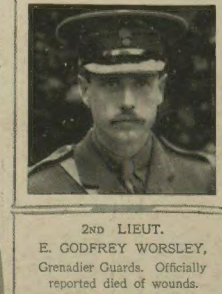
LT. H. C. WHITELEGG,
West Indies Regt. Son of
late T. Davies Whitelegg,
Manchester.



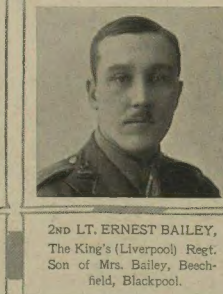
CAPTAIN C. ARMYTAGE WOOLER,
W. Yorkshire Regt. Son of Mr. and
Mrs. Ernest Wooler, of Wortley, Leeds.
Died of wounds.



LIEUT.-COL. F. J. SAUNDERS, D.S.O.,
R.M.L.I. Won D.S.O. in Boer War; men-
tioned in despatches present war. Son of Mr.
William Saunders, Sydenham.



2ND LIEUT.
E. GODFREY WORSLEY,
Grenadier Guards. Officially
reported died of wounds.



2ND LT. ERNEST BAILEY,
The King's (Liverpool) Regt.
Son of Mrs. Bailey, Beech-
field, Blackpool.



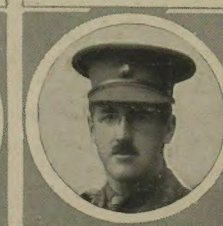
CAPTAIN
GEOFFREY Y. HEALD,
Lancashire Fus. Son of Mr.
William Heald, Urmston.



LIEUT.-COL. NORMAN O. BURGE,
Royal Marine Light Infantry. Mentioned
in despatches for "gallant and distinguished
conduct."



2ND LT. DOUGLAS SOWERBY,
Hussars, attl. Lancs Fus.
Son of Mr. Francis Sowerby,
Hawerby Hall.



2ND LIEUT. W. H. GREGG,
R. Irish Rifles. Reported
killed. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Gregg, Belfast.



2ND LT. R. H. S. BOULT,
King's (Liverpool) Regt. Son
of Mrs. Boulton, Silvermere,
Prince's Park, Liverpool.

JAPAN'S HEIR-APPARENT INSTALLED: PRINCE HIROHITO IN TOKYO.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



THE INSTALLATION OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: CAVALRY WITH HIS FLAG LEAVING THE GATE OF HIS HOME, THE TAKANAWA PALACE.



THE HEIR-APPARENT TO THE THRONE OF JAPAN ON THE DAY OF HIS INSTALLATION: PRINCE HIROHITO ON HIS WAY TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE FOR THE CEREMONY.

Ceremonies akin to the Investiture of the Prince of Wales took place in Tokyo on November 3, when Prince Hirohito, the eldest of the Emperor's four sons, was formally installed as Heir to the Throne. The Prince was born at Tokyo on April 29, 1901, and is thus in his sixteenth year. He holds the rank of Sub-Lieutenant of Infantry in the Japanese Army and of Lieutenant in the Navy. The succession to the Japanese Throne was definitely settled upon the male descendants of the Emperor by the Imperial House

Law of February 11, 1889. The ceremonies of the Crown Prince's installation began at eight o'clock in the morning. He drove to the Imperial Palace through streets packed with enthusiastic crowds. The ceremonies lasted until 2.30 p.m. After the installation, he received the members of the Diplomatic Body, whose spokesman was the British Ambassador, Sir W. Conyngham Greene. The British, French, Russian, and Italian Ambassadors presented the Prince with high Orders on behalf of their respective rulers.

TOKYO EN FÊTE IN HONOUR OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN: STREET DECORATIONS.

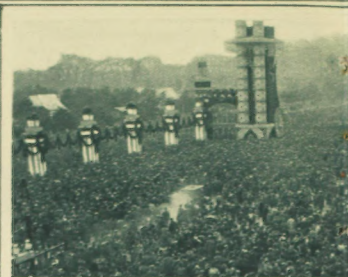
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY C.N.



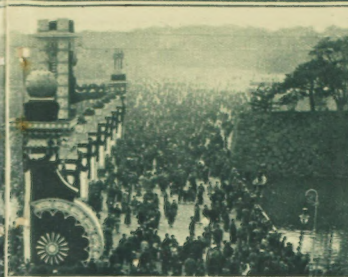
DECORATED IN HONOUR OF HIS INSTALLATION: THE FRONT OF THE CROWN PRINCE'S RESIDENCE, THE TAKANAWA PALACE.

THE Japanese (to quote the "Statesman's Year-Book") claim that their empire was founded by the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenson, 660 B.C., and that the dynasty founded by him still reigns. It was revived in the year 1868 (the first year of the Meiji) when the ruling (de jure) sovereign overthrew, after a short war, the power of the Shogun (the de facto sovereign), who had held the ruling power in successive families, since the twelfth

(Continued opposite.)



REJOICINGS IN TOKYO ON THE DAY OF CROWDS AT THE



THE CROWN PRINCE'S INSTALLATION: BABASAKI GATE.

century, and in 1871 the feudal system (Hoken Seiji) was entirely suppressed." The present Emperor, Yoshihito, succeeded his father, Mutsuhito, on July 30, 1912. He married, in 1900, Princess Sadako, daughter of Prince Kujo. He has four sons—Prince Hirohito, the Crown Prince, born on April 29, 1901; Prince Yasuhito, born on June 25, 1902; Prince Nobuhito, born on January 3, 1905; and Prince Takahito, born on December 2, 1915.



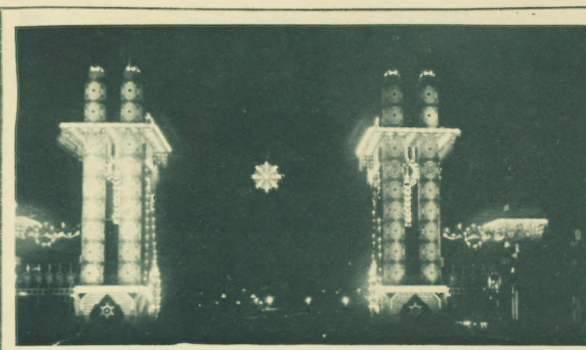
WITH SENTRY-BOXES OF ARTISTIC DESIGN: THE FRONT GATE OF THE TAKANAWA PALACE.



THE CHARM OF THE JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL: A PICTUREQUE FLAG-PROCESSION.



WHERE THE PAPER LANTERNS GLOW: A LANTERN PROCESSION BEFORE THE TAKANAWA PALACE.



WITH A BRILLIANT STAR-LIKE EFFECT: ILLUMINATIONS ON THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT BABASAKI.



TOKYO CHILDREN IN HOLIDAY DRESS ON THE CROWN PRINCE'S INSTALLATION DAY: ADMIRING DECORATIONS.



THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH AT THE BABASAKI GATE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL ILLUMINATIONS.



TRAMS TURNED TO DECORATIVE USE: FLOWER-DECKED CARS IN THE STREETS OF TOKYO.



IN PICTUREQUE GARB AND CARRYING RIFLES: JAPANESE BOY SCOUTS BEFORE THE CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE.



CARRYING THEIR BABIES ON THEIR BACKS: JAPANESE MOTHERS ADMIRING THE ILLUMINATIONS ON THE BABASAKI ARCH.

The exquisite taste of the Japanese in the design of triumphal arches, flag-decorations, processions, and illuminations, is well shown in these interesting photographs taken in Tokyo on the occasion of the formal installation of the Crown Prince Hirohito. As mentioned on the preceding page, the ceremony took place at the Imperial Palace on November 3, and all day as well as the capital was in a state of jubilation similar to that of the Emperor's Coronation festivities. The streets of Tokyo were packed with enthusiastic crowds as the Prince drove from his own residence, the Takanawa Palace, to the Imperial Palace, and also on his return in the afternoon. At night the city was brilliantly illuminated,

and immense lantern processions paraded through the streets. One particularly effective scheme of illumination is shown in several of our photographs—namely, that of the great Triumphal Arch at the Babasaki Gate. An ornamental disc of lights was suspended between the principal pillars, showing at night as though it were hung in space like a great star. In the second photograph it is seen as it appeared in daylight. The costumes of the schoolgirls and children, all dressed in holiday attire, look charmingly picturesque, as well as that of the Japanese mothers carrying their babies inside their kimonos on their backs.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.

SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE, WHICH SUIDAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF PAPYRUS ON WHICH WAS WRITTEN THE SECRET OF GOLD-MAKING: THE ARGONAUTS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

WAR AND HUMAN PROGRESS.

IN this column it has been my privilege for some years to discuss various themes and problems relating to that domain of Science which is concerned with living things, among which man holds the highest place. This position is his not by virtue of his physical strength, but because he is a thinking animal. He, and his, have become "as gods, knowing good and evil." Accordingly I need make no apology when, occasionally, I write here of man rather than of the creatures under his rule; for I am not concerned with his aberrations in regard to Party politics, but rather with the mainsprings of his actions and passions and inspirations—the spiritual offspring of his animal body.

These are the factors which make up the environment of the human race. These are the factors which have given him so large a mastery over the forces of Nature, and which distinguish him from the beasts that perish. This stupendous difference he owes to his larger brain, which in even the lowest of the human race yet discovered—the Pilt-down Man—is more than twice the size of that of the gorilla, a creature nearly related to man, and in brute strength infinitely his superior. Man is a thinking animal, because he is a conscious animal. It is his consciousness of himself and his surroundings that has placed him outside the operations of his animal and physical environment. The lower animals depend for their existence on their ability to respond to the conditions imposed by their physical environment, and their powers of adaptability to their animate environment—the struggle to obtain food, to avoid enemies, and so on. For them there is indeed a "struggle for existence." But the "struggle for existence" has nothing to do with human progress. For man is a thinking and scheming animal. He lives by his wits.

The failure to realise this, the proneness of the layman to apply Darwin's great generalisation to the development of the human race to-day, is answerable for much pernicious doctrine, culminating in the most disastrous war which the world has ever seen.

This much is clear from Bernhardt's assurance that "Wherever we look in nature, we find that war is a

fundamental law of development. This great verity, which has been recognised in past ages, has been convincingly demonstrated in modern times by Charles Darwin." And again: "War is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations, but an indispensable factor of culture, in which a true civilised nation finds its highest expression of strength and vitality."

Only in this sense is Bernhardt right. The horrors and the sufferings inflicted by war serve to purify Society of its follies, which, in times of peace, become boon companions, lowering our ambitions and destroying our capacity for progress. But to justify war on these grounds is to justify Charles Lamb's Chinamen who burned down their houses in order that they might enjoy the delights of roast pork!

religious sense. This is not to say that we ought to endeavour to resuscitate the standards of our Puritan fathers or of the Scotch Sabbatarians, but that we should endeavour to make at least some effort to understand our own motives and emotions, and those of our neighbours, in order that we may do our part to advance the general well-being. And in doing this we invariably advance our own. If we fail in this, as a nation, so surely shall we go down hill, shall we go blindly to perdition. Unless we take the trouble to understand at least the general principles underlying the stability of Society, we shall all unconsciously wreck it. And this process of mental stock-taking is urgently needed at this present crisis in our history, in order that we may the

more clearly see what is the rôle which we, as individuals, must play to ensure success in the struggles which are now taking place on the battlefields of Europe.

If the use of high-explosives and poison-gas as engines of human destruction could be abolished to-morrow, the happiness and prosperity of the human race would be just as much in jeopardy. National integrity would be just as likely to be undermined. Luxury and internecine strife have been the downfall of more than one great nation. These are the dangers we must realise.

We are still the creatures of our environment. Germany to-day is a witness thereof. When the present Kaiser came to the throne he found, well rooted, the best system of education in Europe. This he well knew he could not over-

throw. He therefore took care to turn it to his own uses. The God of War was set up in every school to be regarded as the highest ideal. "Might is at once the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war," says Bernhardt. The spring corn is now white unto the harvest. The ambition of Germany's rulers to make of her people a great military nation is ending in disaster. But though we may be able to abolish Force, in the form of War, it cannot be altogether suppressed; for man is still an animal, and the appeal to Force will always be made as a last resort to obtain his ends, when these assume an overmastering intensity.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



A GERMAN IDEA OF WAR AT SEA—SINKING FISHING-BOATS: THE BRIXHAM TRAWLER "DILIGENCE" IN PORT AFTER BEING SHELLED BY A SUBMARINE AND LOSING HER MAINMAST.

Some time ago a "U"-boat attacked with gun-fire some of our trawlers in the North Sea. A more destructive attack was made in the Channel at the end of November on the Brixham trawling fleet. Three vessels were sunk and others disabled. One of these latter, the "Diligence," is shown on arrival in harbour, with her mainmast shot away and shell-holes in the hull. The submarine suddenly appeared, fired right and left, and then shot at the boats containing the escaping crews of the sunken vessels.

So long as the end and aim of life is no more than material prosperity and the pursuit of pleasure, Peace is as much to be dreaded as war. We have yet to realise that when, by the grace of consciousness, we escaped the toils of the "struggle for existence," as we understand it in the lower animals, we entered upon a new and no less exacting struggle, increasing in intensity as civilisation advances. I am thinking now not of the difficulty of "making a living," which merely strains our physical energies, but of our attitude in relation to our leisure moments, which we are too prone to regard as opportunities for indulgence, without regard to the effect they may have on our spiritual well-being, using this term in a general and not in a

FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM: WAR DRAWINGS BY MUIRHEAD BONE.

FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT"—DRAWINGS BY MUIRHEAD BONE, PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE WAR OFFICE.



FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT": A GUN-HOSPITAL—SHOWING A FEW INVALIDED "HEAVIES" OF THE BRITISH ARTILLERY UNDERGOING REPAIRS.



FROM "THE WESTERN FRONT": A SMALL HAMLET OF SAND-BAGGED BRITISH DUG-OUTS, BEARING SUCH NAMES AS "VE RAT HOLE," AND SO ON.

For some months Mr. Muirhead Bone has been engaged, as a commissioned officer in the British Army in France, making drawings of places and incidents in the War for permanent record in the British Museum. Reproductions of some of these drawings are being published (by authority of the War Office) in monthly parts at 2s. net, with appropriate letterpress, under the title, "The Western Front." The first has a Preface by Sir Douglas Haig. Mr. Muirhead Bone is an artist of international reputation, whose drawings are perhaps better known abroad than at home, and the whole volume

will form a unique record of the conditions of the Western Front in modern warfare. As regards the upper drawing, it may be said, many wounded or worn guns, of all calibres, are brought back for treatment to "hospitals" which do not fly the Red Cross. Here are a few invalided "heavies." The gun on the extreme right is the first British 9'2 that came to France. Like most of our heavy guns, she has been christened by her crew, and bears the inscription, "Lizzie, Somme Strafer." The lower drawing shows dug-outs a little behind the front.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE ROUMANIAN CAPITAL, NOW IN GERMAN HANDS: BUCHAREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



BUILT BY THE LATE KING CAROL IN 1885: THE ROYAL PALACE, BUCHAREST.



THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL PALACE AT BUCHAREST: THE THRONE ROOM.



AS SEEN FROM THE GROUNDS: PART OF THE MINISTRY OF WAR, BUCHAREST.



IN CAPTURED BUCHAREST: THE FINE ENTRANCE TO THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING.



A HANDSOME GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN BUCHAREST: THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.



ONE OF BUCHAREST'S SPLENDID PUBLIC BUILDINGS: THE BANK OF ROUMANIA.

In the German official report of the fall of Bucharest it was stated: "The troops entering Bucharest were received enthusiastically and decorated with flowers. Marshal von Mackensen drove in a motor-car to the Royal Castle, in front of which he was greeted with bouquets of flowers." It has since been pointed out that these floral tributes were not offered by Roumanians, but by certain Germans dwelling in the city. From its fine architecture and its broad boulevards, as well as from the brilliance and gaiety of its

social and intellectual life, Bucharest has been called "the Paris of the Near East." It has not, like Paris, the advantage of a fine site, lying as it does in the hollow of the Wallachian plain, on the banks of the sluggish and unattractive River Dimbovitza. It owes its architectural glories to the reign of the late King Carol, who fifty years ago found it a town of wooden houses and muddy lanes, with a one-story building as Palace. The new Palace, built in 1885, is unpretentious compared with other public buildings.

[Continued opposite.]

"POTENTIALLY AS STRONG AS EVER": THE ROUMANIAN FIELD ARMY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



CAPTURED BY THE ROUMANIANS: A BATCH OF TURKISH PRISONERS ON THE MARCH.

RUSSIA'S ASSISTANCE TO THE ROUMANIANS: A RUSSIAN BATTERY IN ACTION IN ROUMANIA.



ON THE LINE OF RETREAT: A BRIDGE IN TRANSYLVANIA DESTROYED BY THE ROUMANIANS.

THE DEFENCE OF THE PASSES: CARRYING BARBED WIRE TO THE ROUMANIAN FRONT IN THE MOUNTAINS.



OF A FORCE THAT HAS BEEN IN ACTION AGAINST THE ENEMY: ROUMANIAN CAVALRY.

DEFENDING THE PREDEAL PASS: A ROUMANIAN GUN MOVING TO POSITION IN THE MOUNTAINS, ON A SPECIALLY MADE ROAD.

Continued.

The population of Bucharest was recently estimated at 226,000. It would be foolish to deny the seriousness of the loss of Bucharest and the German successes there, but we have still found cause for hoping that the situation in Roumania may be retrieved. For example, the well-known Italian expert, Major-General Corsi, recently expressed optimistic views on the subject. "The Germans," he is reported to have said in an interview, "are accomplishing only a strategical manoeuvre in Roumania. The

Roumanian Army, *however* and potentially as strong as ever, is awaiting a favourable opportunity to strike back with Russian support. Territorial losses mean relatively little in the present war, provided that the armed forces subsist to win them back. Take, for instance, Serbia, which is practically wiped out, but 120,000 Serbians are still fighting. The same is true of Belgium, but Roumania is not likely to share the fate of Serbia, being too closely linked with Russia, both politically and geographically."



"TORN FROM THEIR HOMES AND FORCED INTO CATTLE-TRUCKS": BELGIANS DEPORTED TO GERMANY "LIKE A GANG OF SLAVES" AT THE POINT OF THE BAYONET.

The German deportations of Belgian civilians have aroused the indignation of all civilized peoples. The "Chicago Daily News" reports a well-known American business man, who was in Belgium recently, to have said: "Already between 30,000 and 40,000 men have been torn from their homes, forced into cattle-trucks, and conveyed to Germany. . . . Unless Germany can be induced to abandon her present policy, between 200,000 and 300,000 Belgians will be deported. I saw one long train of cattle-trucks loaded with prospective deportees. Many had resisted, only to feed a German bayonet." Another account of such a scene was given in the Dutch paper, the

"Telegraaf": "The men were marched to the station, where a train of goods trucks was ready. Into these trucks, the floors of which were covered with straw, the men were pushed, and as soon as one was filled the door was locked." Cardinal Mercier said in his letter of protest: "They are packed into goods trucks and carried off we know not whither, like a gang of slaves." Viscount Grey officially denounced the German deportations as "practices hitherto resorted to only in connection with the slave trade." A Declaration by the Allies regarding Belgium, recently issued from the Foreign Office, calls the Germans "organizers of man-hunts."

WITHOUT WARNING: A TYPICAL CASE OF GERMAN SUBMARINE PIRACY.



SHOWING WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A BRITISH MERCHANT-SHIP IS TORPEDOED ON THE HIGH SEAS WITHOUT WARNING:
SINKING BY THE HEAD—BEFORE THE FINAL EXPLOSION.



THE FATE OF A BRITISH SHIP TORPEDOED WITHOUT WARNING BY A GERMAN SUBMARINE: AN INTERNAL EXPLOSION ON BOARD
THE VESSEL AS SHE GOES DOWN BOW FORWARD AND STERN IN AIR.

Germany's inhuman practice of torpedoing merchant-vessels, liners, and even hospital-ships, without warning, has outraged the conscience of the civilised world—that is, of the world which is outside the German alliance. Within it conscience does not appear to exist. The above remarkable photographs illustrate a typical instance of this modern piracy on the high seas. It is but one out of countless similar cases. Dealing with the loss and replacement of shipping in a recent speech on the food question, Mr. Runciman, as President of the Board of Trade, said in Parliament: "So important is new construction

that I would remind the House we can in a normal year, with all our shipyards active, all our labour available, all our engine works working full time, put very nearly two million tons of tonnage into the water. We have only lost 2,250,000 tonnage by all risks since the war began. . . . By the end of this year I do not see any reason why our six months' output should not approach 500,000 tons." Among the more recent victims of the enemy's torpedoes or mines were the big hospital-ships "Britannic" and "Braemar Castle," sunk in the Mediterranean, and the passenger-liner "Arabia."

HEAD OF A NEW GOVERNMENT: A GREAT DRIVING FORCE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY T. AND R. ANNAN AND SONS.



APPOINTED PRIME MINISTER AND FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY: THE RIGHT HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

It was officially announced on December 6: "The Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., had an audience with H.M. the King this afternoon, and was requested by his Majesty to form a Government. He has consented to undertake this task with the co-operation of the Right Hon. A. Bonar Law, M.P." Previously, it will be remembered, after the resignation of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Bonar Law had been invited to form an Administration, but found himself unable to do so. On December 7 the following further announcement appeared in the "Court Circular": "The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., had an audience of the King this evening and accepted his Majesty's offer of the post of Prime

Minister and First Lord of the Treasury, and kissed hands upon his appointment." During the war, Mr. Lloyd George has shown himself to be a great driving force. When it began his first act was, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to save the financial situation. Next he took in hand the question of munitions, and through his efforts the Ministry of Munitions was set up, with himself as its first chief. Later, he followed Lord Kitchener as Minister for War. It was to a great extent due to him that compulsory military service was made law. Mr. Lloyd George was born in 1863. In 1905 he became President of the Board of Trade, and in 1908 Chancellor of the Exchequer.

THE RECAPTURED KEY OF THE FRENCH VERDUN DEFENCES: VAUX FORT.

FROM A FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



IN POSSESSION AGAIN: FRENCH SOLDIERS IN A "BUNKED" SLEEPING-CABIN IN ONE OF THE BOMB-PROOF CASEMATES OF VAUX FORT.

The taking of Vaux Fort, as the immediate sequel to the recapture of Douaumont, on the French assuming the offensive at Verdun, restored the circle of fortified posts that girdle the all-important French armed positions of the north-eastern sector of the Allied Western Front. The fort of Vaux, which the enemy captured as the result of a concentrated attack in May and June last, had been immensely strengthened by the Germans during their occupation. The plateau on which it stands was considered of

vital importance to their proposed future operations. Owing, however, to the rapidity with which the French followed up their Douaumont success, Vaux Fort had to be evacuated by the Germans as it stood, with practically all its new defences intact. The victors are now profiting by the labours of the enemy. An exceptionally strong French garrison holds Vaux, its men securely quartered in the elaborately constructed German underground fortifications. A party of soldiers off duty are seen in the illustration.



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MONTE CARLO.

DIFFICULTIES of all kinds imposed on travellers have had an unwanted and unfavourable influence on those winter resorts which had been for years past well patronised on the shores of the Mediterranean, the land of the orange and myrtle, where the sun shines as brightly as in late spring at home, when the snow lies on the ground in less favoured spots. On the Riviera the white carpet overlapping the high Alpine ridges seems but a frame for the setting of the charming picture disclosed by the valley. Hyères has been the gathering-place for those who have yearned for quietude and rest, limiting their pleasures to lawn-tennis and golf, with the usual inter-hotel soirées and dances. The local club has never been counted as one of the successes of that quaint but rather dull resort, where excursions seem to be organised behind the chemist's counter, and each one is bidden to take his cup, saucer, and spoon for the tea which, in the English fashion, is inseparable from the afternoon outing. Others have settled down in closer proximity to the charming district known as the Estérel. The popularity of the Riviera has so much increased of late years that, wherever your travels may lead you along the Mediterranean, you are sure to find a home colony of those who owe allegiance to the British flag. English Society has undergone willingly the change imposed on the Allies generally owing to the wild dreams of the German Emperor, for the youth of Britain have responded to the call of their country, and when you meet them in khaki along the Riviera you may be certain that they have returned from the trenches to recover from wounds, or that they have been appointed to some post connected with the transport of troops and munitions. Their presence in the south during the past three seasons, and their appreciation of the desire of all they may meet to render them every possible service, will no doubt be a great advertisement in future time for the Riviera, when

the war is over and the question is put as to the most pleasant place to spend the winter, an irksome season in northerly climes.

Marseilles is a cosmopolitan city where the population has been considerably increased since the invasion of Belgium and the North of France induced the rural population to desert their threatened homes. France gave them its hospitality in sunny, flowery lands never dreamt

Some sympathy may be extended them, for it must be granted that those who find themselves transported from the north to the sunny south and the Riviera, soon become imbued with the philosophy of the Italian, who wonders why men should raise blisters on their hands when a plate of macaroni and a hunk of bread may be had for the asking, and the day may be passed sleeping in the sun after the cigarette. These worthies are not seen or tolerated on the plateau or in the gardens of the Casino specially reserved for the winter guests; visitors to and residents in Monte Carlo.

The season promises well, although France and her next-door neighbour, Italy, are still at war with the German, whose raucous voice and overbearing manner have been banished from the Principality since the commencement of hostilities. They are not missed, and those who pass their time of an afternoon or evening courting chance at the board of green cloth, prefer the room to the company of the knights of the Iron Cross and heroes of Zeppelins and submarines. Those who have proved faithful to the sun during the past two years, will find a most entertaining programme for the winter months. The same arrangements have been made for the Opera season, and the popular impresario, M. R. Gunsbourg, has not scoured the Continent for the discovery of the best lyric artists in vain. The delightful concerts of M. Louis Ganne will command the attention and applause of the dilettanti. Drama and comedy will receive more



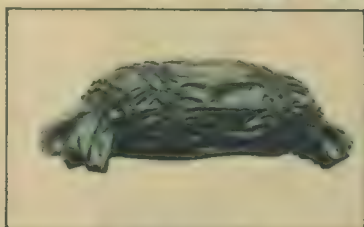
WHERE THE KHAKI OF CONVALESCENT OFFICERS NOW MINGLES WITH THE HOLIDAY THROG:
MONTE CARLO—STROLLERS ON THE TERRACE.

of by those who had never seen bright sunshine in the depth of winter. Refugees have found their lines cast in pleasant places along the coast. They prefer the busy cities to the quiet resorts where they are outclassed, and though they abound at Marseilles, Toulon, and Nice, the authorities at Monaco, while offering home and food to women and children, have not offered any special attraction to the men, who prefer their glass of thin beer and pipe at the *estaminet*, and a "loaf" in the sun at the gardens of old Monaco, to engaging in a search for work.

than usual care, and outdoor amusements will be attended to with picnics and luncheons at the club-house on the golf links, and the society teas at the tennis-ground. One last word to commend the arrangements made at the Thermal establishment on the terrace, where those who have been accustomed before the war to follow a certain treatment at some spa, in countries which are now closed to English visitors, will find the same advantages at Monte Carlo efficiently staffed from a therapeutic point of view.

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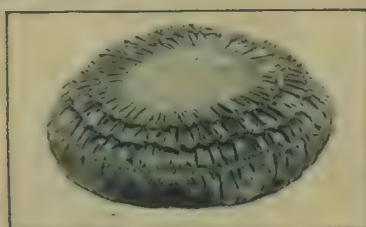
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LADY DUFFERIN'S "JOURNALS."

AMONG that splendid galaxy of Ambassadors who have made the diplomatic service of this country so deservedly famous there is, perhaps, no more brilliant figure than the late Marquess of Dufferin, a grand seigneur to his finger-tips, a grandson of Sheridan, witty, accomplished, elegant, and astute. Wherever he went he made



AWAITING ORDERS TO MOVE: A BELGIAN 120-MM. GUN BATTERY.

Photograph by the Photographic Section of the Belgian Army.

himself esteemed and his country respected. The charm of his manner endeared him to the foreign Sovereigns he was sent to, and made him the favourite at every Court. No small share of the credit of his success was due to his happy marriage and his amiable and hospitable wife, who has now given us, in "My Russian and Turkish Journals" (John Murray), a picture of the home life of a British Ambassador's wife in Petrograd, Constantinople, and other places. The Dowager-Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava is already well known to the public. "Our Viceregal Life in India" and "My Canadian Journal" have exhibited her power of vivid description and her happy knack of reproducing an atmosphere in a few words. It is, therefore, quite unnecessary to say that this book is most entertaining. For instance, the account given of Bismarck is most life-like and amusing; not less quaint the description of the old Empress Augusta, and the dinner at the Palace of Berlin. In Petrograd the Dufferins were, of course, particularly successful, and they seem to have thoroughly enjoyed the life of that capital, of which we are given a very vivid picture. There are pathetic references to Alexander II., whose life was being constantly threatened, his amiability and kindness. On one occasion Lord

Dufferin writes of the Emperor: "We again lunched at the Emperor's. During the morning he had asked me very civilly about you (Lady D.), and again, later, he took me aside and talked to me a little about the political situation, being very kind and conciliatory in his language both as regards the Queen, the country, and myself personally." When Lady Dufferin goes bear-shooting, the fun becomes fast

and furious. The section of the book devoted to Constantinople is, perhaps, even more pleasing, and abounds in amusing episodes. During a trip to Athens, the Dufferins dined with the Hellenic Royal Family, and are told that little Tino had already the reputation of being "very clever." During an excursion to Eleusis the peasant women were most polite, and gave the visitors beans: in this country, of course, to give people beans is not considered an attention. The bad old Sultan Abdul seems to have taken a great fancy to Lady Dufferin, who did not enjoy his dinners, by the way, because the food was always cold by the time it came. The description of Egypt is intensely humorous; the climate is roundly abused, and compared disparagingly with that of Glasgow; and the funny side of harem life is cleverly brought out. The Dufferins led a typical domesticated British family life, surrounded by their children, and the book is pervaded by a healthy, vigorous tone which makes it quite refreshing and bracing to read. The illustrations are few, but excellent.

"Who is the Cracker King so great? Why, 'tis Tom Smith who comes in state." Thus is a familiar Christmas problem put and solved, on the lid of one of the new boxes of this season's crackers issued by that well-known firm. Naturally, the warlike and patriotic note is evident in the novelties for 1916. One particularly attractive box contains a set of little Red Cross tents, each surmounted by a flag of one of the Allies, and with a figure of Father Christmas at the entrance. Other boxes bound to be popular are "Masked Batteries," "Jolly Jack Tars," the "Tricolour," and a big Japanese box. British and Allied flags and caps are among the contents and accessories, besides fans, books

of riddles, and so on. The prices vary, but some quite good crackers cost only a shilling a box. Messrs. Tom Smith point out that only British labour is employed on their productions.

With Christmas here, the National Children's Home, an association of experts in child welfare, should appeal to all, for it is already caring for upwards of 200 orphans of soldiers and sailors at Sheringham. Writing of this, a well-known sociologist said: "I know nothing, among all our splendid philanthropic establishments, less like an 'Institution' and more like an ideal British home." The Principal (the Rev. W. Hodson Smith), on receipt of a postcard, addressed to 104-122, City Road, London, E.C., will send fuller particulars of the war work carried on by the National Children's Home.

The name of the very newest perfume for Christmas presents is one of the inspirations of the famous house of Dubarry et Cie, 81, Brompton Road, S.W., where exquisite perfumes are always to be found, and none more so than their latest, "Garden of Kama." "Kama" is a Hindoo word which is used to express everything that is lovely, idyllic, perfect; and this new scent, which has its origin in



ON THE ROAD: A BELGIAN BATTERY OF 120-MM. GUNS.

Photograph by the Photographic Section of the Belgian Army.

France, is worthy of its name. A figure of Buddha, in crystal, forms the appropriate stopper, and the bottle itself is of unique design. In this artistic form it makes a handsome and unique present, and costs 15s., a bottle, or it can be purchased in a small plain crystal bottle at 5s. 9d.; and in either case it will be sent, on receipt of remittance, to any address, post free, by Messrs. Dubarry et Cie.



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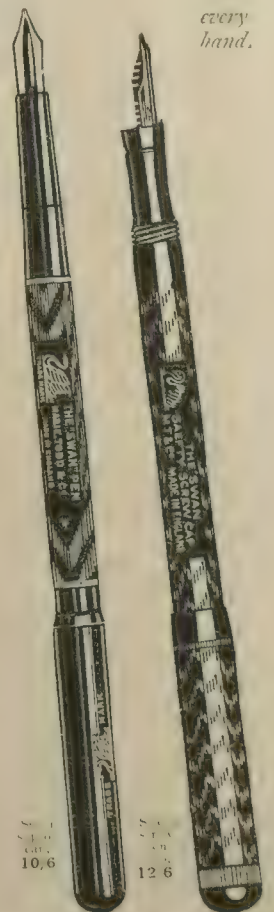
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10/6

12/6

LADIES' PAGE.

INSTEAD of the happy old-time consideration of how to honour Christmas with feasting, we have to signalise this year's sad anniversary of the advent of the Prince of Peace by learning to lessen every family's consumption of food. We must all realise the extreme and immediate necessity of food economy. It is not a mere question of whether any individual can afford to pay at present whatever money may be asked for food. We must try to visualise all the food in the country as one stock, to be consumed as carefully as possible by everybody, in order that it may last out and that all of us of every class may have sufficient as long as possible. In a siege, or in a shipwreck, the necessity of portioning out and using up every fragment is obvious. But in a country in much the same position, in which our island is at present placed, it appears to be impossible for many—for the majority—to grasp the fact that it is not a question of first one and next another of the well-organised classes of labour obtaining a rise of wages "to meet the rise in the price of food," and then all will be well, but it is a question of how long the stock for anybody and everybody under present conditions can be made to last out. Objections and exhortations are addressed to the wealthy, and are no doubt needed; but the rank and file of the community, who are more important just because they are so much the more numerous, are frightfully wasteful of food and fuel, to the utmost of their ability, and, though it may be small each time, small waste in the aggregate becomes most serious. Surely their leaders might make a point of bringing them to understand that a welter of waste, no matter if wages can "afford it" at present, may confound us all presently in a devastating want of the necessities of life.

There is much talk of the waste of food on the poor "friend of man," and suggestions for a huge increase in the dog tax or more direct means of suppressing dogs kept as pets are rife. Well, I don't think we shall see the day when puppy stew, dear to the Chinese, is in great demand in London restaurants! The question of what mankind will consent to eat is largely a matter of custom and prejudice. When Bismarck, in 1870, was "stewing Paris in her own juice," as he elegantly put it, dogs, and rats and mice, and all the weirdest animals in the "Zoo," were eagerly eaten. Some of the world of officialdom, I believe, it was said at the time, left their duties to be performed by two amateurs—an English banker named Blount and Sir Richard Wallace, doctor of the celebrated "Collection." Sir E. Blount, in his *Reminiscences*, says that he and a few others paid two pounds a day each for dinner, at the Jockey Club; and, though they were discreetly uninquisitive as to the source of the ragoûts served, they knew that they ate

donkey and elephant and camel, and many other strange creatures. Horseflesh was eaten largely in Belgium before the war, and there are already several butchers of horses for human consumption in London, so that my cat's-meat woman complains that she cannot get her proper stock for her four-legged clients, as "them Belgians" inter-

that they had been eating stewed alligator, whereas it was in reality just sucking-pig; but in some parts of Africa alligators are eaten as a matter of course. Dr Livingstone says in one of his books that his children thought a dish of a certain kind of African caterpillar stewed a great delicacy. A traveller in Central America assured me that roasted monkey is delicious. Porpoise and whale were delicacies in old England. The great thing is to have no prejudices; and meantime—tax, but don't kill the dogs.



A PICTURESQUE BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID.

A bridal dress of white and silver tissue embroidered in silver and crystal beads, and trimmed with bands of white fox and silver tassels. The underskirt is of white charmeuse with narrow bands of silver lace. The child's frock is of lemon-yellow velvet with a girdle of crimson and silver brocade, silver lace sleeves, and edgings of skunk.

cept it. Why not? The horse is cleaner even than the ox, and far superior in habits to the pig. Frank Buckland, a once-famous naturalist, used to tell how he made a party of guests all more or less sick by informing them

A regulation that is unimpeachable is the wholemeal bread order. If proper care is taken by the authorities that bakers do not foist bad flour or undue quantities of bran upon the purchaser, the benefit to the health and strength of the public, and especially to growing children, from using the whole wheat must be great, and habit will soon render the wholemeal bread palatable. May we all have enough of it! In old times there were many varieties of bread used besides that made of the whitest wheat flour. The very white bread, deprived of some of the most valuable parts of the wheat, that of recent times everybody has claimed as a right, was then called "manchet," and regarded as a luxury; while those who had to rely mainly upon bread for their actual nourishment used wholemeal or "black" wheaten bread, or often what was called "meslin" bread, which was a mixture of wheat and other cheaper kinds of flour, such as barley-meal or pea-meal. We may have to sample "meslin" again. Rye bread, always largely eaten in Germany, is said to be nice enough when one is used to it, and a mixture of rye and wheat to be both economical and agreeable. Use counts for so much.

We might learn even from our Northern fellow-countrymen, who, as an old ballad says, can "feast upon bannocks o' barley-meal," and make great use of oatmeal. There was once an English tourist who asked a Scottish ploughman what he had for his meals, and, upon being told each time "bannocks and parritch," asked "And do you not tire of it?" To which the hardy Scot replied, "Wha wad tire of his meat?"

There is another tale of a Highland shepherd who went to the Lowlands, and stepped in to get his supper just after the maid had portioned out the sowans for all the party into their respective bowls. Sowans, it seems, is the smallest kind of oatmeal soaked a long while and then boiled till it is a jelly, and eaten with milk and honey, or ale. This ploughman began at the first basin and rapidly went on even to the last, and coolly observed to the astonished cook-maid, when she returned to the kitchen, "Lass, tomorrow put all my sowans in one dish; I do not like it in drippocks that-a-way."

F. ILOMENA.

112

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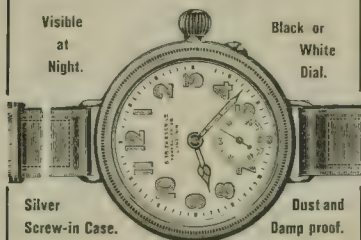
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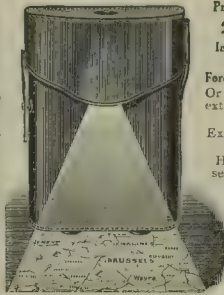
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RHEUMATISM**SOME GOOD ADVICE BY CORPL. T. S.
WILBURN, OF THE R.A.M.C.

Like stomach, liver or kidney disorders, and in fact most other bodily ills, rheumatism results simply from accumulation of impurities in the system. Call these germs, microbes, bacilli, toxins, uric acid or anything you like, but they are all impurities and form the primary cause of organic disease. I used to think the only way to stop rheumatic pain was to drug the nerves and vital organs into partial insensibility by taking opiates and narcotic drugs, or rubbing on liniments. But I know better than to recommend such purely temporary expedients now. Instead, take a level teaspoonful of common refined *alka salivates* in water every second morning, before breakfast, and notice how quickly it dissolves and permanently cleans out of your system all disease-causing impurities and painful uric acid deposits or sharp crystals in stiff joints and sore muscles. There is nothing better to cleanse and regulate a torpid liver or to flush out clogged kidneys. You can get some of this inexpensive, standard compound from any chemist, and I have personally proved that it cures even the most severe case of rheumatism within a few days.—T. S. W.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD is the very thing for parties and family gatherings. Whether served as **HOT SAUCE** with Plum Pudding or Mince Pies, or as creamy egglike Custard with stewed or tinned fruits, it is the one dish that all children love and all adults enjoy. Try it also with stewed Prunes both **Hot**. — No dish more delightful!

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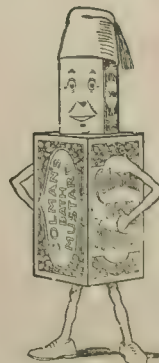
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Mustard Bath***"Let Master Mustard
prepare your bath"*

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHATEVER privations we have to suffer by the application of that prevailing phrase, "on account of the war," young readers at any rate will not be deprived this Christmas of their customary delights in the matter of illustrated books. The war, in fact, has provided story-writers with an abundance of new material, which they have not been slow to turn to account. Thus we have a number of new books containing fiction based on the war, illustrated in many cases with actual photographs from the front, as well as with imaginary pictures. Messrs. Collins have published several books of this type. One which is sure to be popular is entitled, "Under Jellicoe's Command," a story of the North Sea, by Henry James Moore (Collins' Clear Type Press). Another is "Midst Shot and Shell in Flanders," by Herbert Hayens (Collins). Both these volumes are composed of continuous stories, and both are illustrated with colour-plates and a number of excellent photographs. Another volume from the same publishers, bound and illustrated in similar style, contains instead of one long tale, a number of short stories and articles by various authors, dealing with the war. It is called "Collins' Adventure Annual." On somewhat similar lines is "The Victory Adventure Book" (Collins), but in this case the stories are not all of the present war, one or two of them dealing with "battles long ago," and some, indeed being not war stories at all. In the case of the two latter volumes, the black-and-white illustrations consist of line-drawings and not of photographs, as in the case of the two mentioned first. All four volumes are sure to be popular with boys.

An interesting collection of true war stories is given in a book called "Wonderful Stories: Winning the V.C. in the Great War." It has a coloured frontispiece showing Lieut. Rhodes-Moorhouse flying over Courtrai, and fifty-six other full-page illustrations. It is a book well calculated to kindle the spirit of patriotism and a desire to emulate the heroic deeds which are described.

Of adventure fiction there are several examples. In "Ian Hardy Fighting the Moors" (Seeley, Service and Co.), Commander Currey, R.N., adds another instalment to the stirring career of that now familiar hero, who in his various books has figured successively as naval cadet, midshipman,

and senior midshipman. If he is fortunate to survive the many perils which fall to his lot, we shall no doubt arrive eventually at the adventures of Admiral Ian Hardy; and, after that, as First Sea Lord, he will give us his reminiscences of life in the Navy. Another adventure story of a rather less robust type is "Dicky, Knight-Errant," by Isabel M. Peacocke (Ward, Lock). The story concerns a Boy Scout, and carries the reader to New Zealand and Samoa during the Great War. Mrs. Molesworth's story, "Edmée," a tale of the French Revolution, has been published by Messrs. Macmillan in an attractive new

people even more than the classic drawings of Tenniel. The fact that they are in colour also gives them a great advantage from that point of view. A new and original fairy story is "The Three Pearls" (Macmillan), by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. It is illustrated with a number of clever line drawings by Alice B. Woodward. The author dedicates the book to his wife in six lines of Greek hexameters, but the present scribe is unfortunately unequal to the task of translating them, having diligently forgotten the Greek language for some twenty years. As might have been expected from an author who is librarian of

Windsor Castle, the story is all about kings and queens and fair princesses, though we ought to add that they are, of course, all fictitious characters. To a rather different category belongs "The Rain Children" (S.P.C.K.), by T. H. Orpen, M.A., with seven illustrations in colour, by C. E. Brock, R.I. The author was "sometime Fellow of Pembroke College and Tutor of Selwyn College, Cambridge," and the book bears the somewhat formidable sub-title of "a Fairy Tale in Physics." When we add that the prologue introduces Thales of Miletus, and the chapters are devoted, among other things, to Aunt Cold, Aunt Heat, and Colonel Lightning, the reader knows that he or she is in for some instruction mingled with entertainment. The book, in fact, belongs more or less to the same class as Kingsley's "Water Babies," and Mrs. Gatty's "Parables from Nature." There is nothing academic about "Children's Stories from French Fairy Tales," by Doris Ashwell, illustrated by Mabel Attwell (Raphael Tuck). We meet that popular favourite, "Cinderella," under the name of "Finette Cendron," and a number of other less familiar inhabitants of Fairy Land. The numerous illustrations, both in colour and otherwise, are admirably adapted to the taste of little people. A fairy tale of the humorous type is "The Goblin Scouts," by Harry Golding, illustrated by Thomas Maybank (Ward, Lock), the latest addition to a series of amusing little books which began with "Bobby Bun and Bunty." The pictures, which are all in colour, are delightful, and their humour, like that of the letter-press, is of the breeziest and most rollicking kind.

Finally we come to what may, perhaps, be described as "the good old Annuals." Prominent among these are Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.'s "Wonder Book," a picture



OFF TO THE TRENCHES: AUSTRALIANS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

edition with well-drawn illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond.

We turn now to that class of "juveniles" (to use a terrible trade term) represented by fairy tales and Nature stories. At the head of our list in this category stands a new edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" (Ward, Lock), illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant. This is quite a fascinating edition of Lewis Carroll's immortal tale, for the illustrations are really excellent, not only in artistic technique, but also in the matter of humour. Indeed, it is quite possible that they will please the little

people even more than the classic drawings of Tenniel. The fact that they are in colour also gives them a great advantage from that point of view. A new and original fairy story is "The Three Pearls" (Macmillan), by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. It is illustrated with a number of clever line drawings by Alice B. Woodward. The author dedicates the book to his wife in six lines of Greek hexameters, but the present scribe is unfortunately unequal to the task of translating them, having diligently forgotten the Greek language for some twenty years. As might have been expected from an author who is librarian of

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Perhaps you are one of those who have never tried Sanatogen or Formamint? Even so, you must have heard of their exceptional merits, and you probably know plenty of people who "swear by them." The way these products have been talked about in Parliament and the Press—the enormous number of substitutes which have sprung up during the War—have only served to enlighten the Public as to the unique superiority of the genuine articles.

Try them to-day. Your health and nerve power have probably suffered from the strain of wartime, and a short course of Sanatogen will make a life-long convert of you. (It is sold in tins from 1/9 to 9/6, and it costs you about 6d. a day—less than most people spend on tea and coffee or other stimulants). As for Formamint, a bottle of 50 tablets, price 2/2, will quickly convince you that it

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As the names Sanatogen and Formamint were registered by the German firm in this country, they have now been "voided."

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It is therefore important that you should tell your Chemist you want Sanatogen made in the Penzance factory, and Formamint made in the factory at 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.

As soon as possible we shall re-name the preparations and issue new distinctive labels and trade marks, which will be widely announced in the Press, thus protecting you against substitution.

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You can send no better Christmas gift than a supply of genuine Sanatogen and Formamint to anyone at the Front, in hospital, or toiling at munitions and other strenuous War work.

SANATOGEN

annual for boys and girls, and "Father Tuck's Annual," both of which offer a feast of delight to the inmates of the nursery. The illustrations, both in colour and in black and white, are numerous and of excellent quality in each case. Another annual of a somewhat different type is the yearly bound volume of that popular weekly, "Chatterbox" (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.). It is well up to standard. On rather similar lines, but on a smaller scale and in a cheaper form, is the same publishers' new annual, "Chatterbox Newsbox." The contents chiefly consist, not of fiction, but of informative articles on natural history, and so on. Yet another well illustrated annual published by Messrs. Wells, Gardner is "The Prize," which is intended for rather younger

children than the two previously mentioned. It has an abundance of good illustrations, both in colour and in line, which are, indeed, better of their kind than those of "Chatterbox."

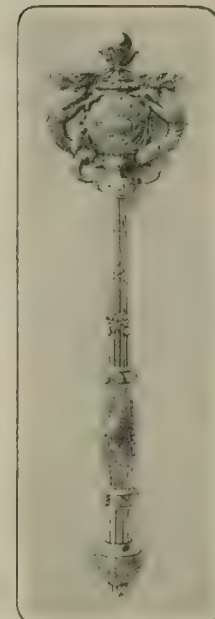
"LONDON PRIDE" AT WYNDHAM'S.

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER has luck with the plays he produces; but then he deserves his luck. He keeps his eyes open for ideas, for freshness of talent, and for the broad human touch; and certainly in his new programme—our first war-play, as he proudly boasted—in the composition of which he has had the services of one of the most brilliant and faithful of London humourists, Mr. Neil Lyons, he has got what he has sought. You may call "London Pride," which describes the career of a Cockney war hero, episodic, and reckon its too great length a weakness; but it contains a real, reasonable story written about characters truly observed and in language deliciously racy, and there is heart in it as well as good fun and downright realism. Tunks, whether he is trying to find somebody to take over his coster business or fuming in the trenches at not getting his "leaf," or refusing to trade on the honours that belong to a comrade, is a man alive to his finger-tips, endeared to us no less by his sense of honour than by his sense of humour; he is, in his own vernacular, "or right." And no less right is his little spitfire of a sweetheart—warm all through, in loyalty as in temper. And the scenes of Neil Lyons and Gladys Unger's kaleidoscopic drama are as right as their types; the studies of East-End life, the episode of the dug-out, the lights and shadows of the hospital, all bring out brightly and sympathetically what is sound and generous and quaint in the national character. If the war had not provided us with so many romances of coincidence, we might regard the stroke of fortune which endows Tunks with the Victoria Cross at the moment he is a self-confessed deserter, and so makes his sergeant-major scout his confession, as a fairy-tale device. As it is, the humane audacity of the device adds to our delight, and the unorthodox disciplinarian proves the prize-packet in the authors' bundle of happy surprises. Naturalness is the feature of the acting, as of the story. In Mr. Du Maurier's case art has never concealed itself under a more modest air of simplicity; his Tunks might have walked out of Silverside. And superlatives would not be wasted on Miss Mabel Russell's wonderfully full-blooded portrait of the Cockney heroine and her affecting moments of pathos. A dozen others in the cast, at least, give us fine work; but outstanding as a feature in the performance is Mr. A. E.

George's sergeant-major, the most amusing combination of truculence and kindness

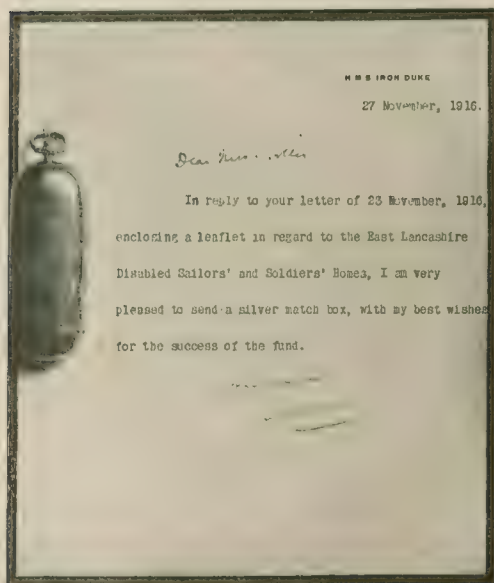
The Empress Marie Feodorovna has awarded the badge of the Russian Red Cross to Mr. Eveleigh Nash, and to Mr. John Pollock, Chief Commissioner in Russia of the Great Britain to Poland Fund.

The origin of many productions is just now a matter of interest, and we call attention to an instance bearing on the movement for capturing German trade. The fact that a British commercial group had combined to purchase the business of Messrs. Wulfin, the manufacturers of Sanatogen, Formamin, and other specifics, was stated some weeks ago. Now it is announced that these well-known preparations will continue for the present to be sold under their old designations, and that fresh stocks of them are now on sale everywhere. The distribution of Sanatogen, the nerve food, and Formamin, the throat tablet, throughout the British Empire is now being made by a purely British company, producing them at the original factory at Penzance. Later on, the names of all the preparations taken over by the British company will be changed, so that the genuine articles may be protected by registration.



A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF THE SILVERSMITH'S ART: HONG KONG UNIVERSITY MACE.

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AN EAST LANCASHIRE FUND: ADMIRAL JELlicoe's GIFT FOR THE DISABLED.

Admiral Jellicoe has shown his appreciation of the "Silver Scheme" inaugurated by Mrs. Woolley, of Wrenwood, Kersal, Manchester, in aid of the Fund for East Lancashire Disabled Sailors' and Soldiers' Homes, by sending her a silver match-box and sovereign-purse. In an autograph letter, Sir John Jellicoe wishes Mrs. Woolley's scheme every success. The "Silver Scheme" is to assist the Fund for providing homes in East Lancashire for totally disabled sailors and soldiers. This gift will be sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds placed to the credit of the Fund.

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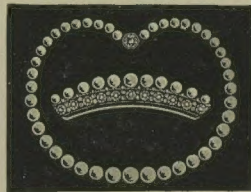
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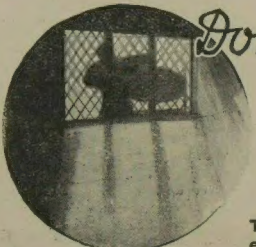
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The "Safety First" Campaign.

The "Safety First" campaign, which has had its genesis in the action of the London General Omnibus Company, looks like developing into a big thing. At the meeting held the other day at Caxton Hall, it was resolved to form a Council to take in hand at once: (1) Courses of instruction for traffic and transport employees; (2) the organisation of street traffic with a view to greater efficiency and public safety; and (3) the preparation of schemes with regard to street-refuges, "safety" notices on lamps, etc., and for the education of the public, and to arrange effective publicity (a) through the Press, (b) by poster advertisements, (c) by pictorial and other educational means for children, (d) by cinematograph films in picture theatres, and (e) by a "Safety First" exhibition to which the public will have free admission. An ambitious programme truly, and one that will require a good deal of money to finance it, if it is to be carried out in its entirety. Where the money is to be obtained is not at the moment quite clear, though I have no doubt it will be forthcoming in good season, inasmuch as the scheme has the open or tacit backing of the motoring societies and of most of the great transport firms. This matter of the safety of the streets is one that lies so near the hearts of the R.A.C. and the A.A.—it has been a part of the propaganda for years—that it can scarcely be doubted that substantial support will be forthcoming from them if and when it is required.

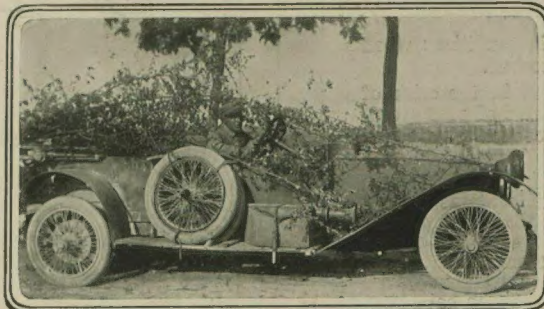
The Increasing Danger of the Streets.

In the light of the increasing number of accidents recorded by the Metropolitan authorities, it must be said that some organised effort to render the streets safer is very much to be welcomed. The number of fatal street accidents recorded during the first nine months of the current year is forty per cent. in advance of the figures of the corresponding period of 1914. Of course, the last-named period was one of normal lighting, and it is to the Cimmerian darkness of the London streets under war conditions that some proportion at least of the increase is to be ascribed. But, even allowing that, it is a fact that London's toll of the streets has been growing of late years to a most disquieting extent. It has been very much the mode to lay this increase in the number of accidents at the door of the "dangerous" motor

vehicle, and more or less to let it go at that. The real truth is that, while road transport has undergone a complete revolution, the methods of handling the traffic remain as they were twenty or more years ago. It has not been sufficiently realised that the changed conditions

call for a really scientific system of traffic control, a system which shall take in all forms of street traffic, pedestrian as well as vehicular. I know that even now the last of these propositions is one that will meet with immediate opposition from what one must call the pedestrian interests.

That is why a very large part of the propaganda work of the "Safety First" Council must be educative and directed towards the common understanding that all classes of traffic have their respective duties to each other in relation to the general safety. Once everybody recognises that there is an offence against the public safety which amounts to "walking to the common danger," we shall be in a fair way to see the annual toll of the streets a declining quantity. I say nothing at the moment about driving to the common danger, for the obvious reason that that is a very well recognised offence indeed—especially by some magisterial benches within the ken of the motorist.



IN THE FIRING ZONE: A SIZAIRE-BERWICK CAR, DISGUISED.

The necessity of shielding cars at the front from enemy observation—airplanes is obvious, and our photograph shows a Sizaire-Berwick carefully disguised by the use of the shrubs and foliage of the country lane in which it stands.



A MOTOR-CAR AMID THE RUINS OF A SHELLED TOWN: A SIZAIRE-BERWICK CAR.

From the two photographs given on this page, it is obvious that the Sizaire-Berwick car is "doing its bit" at the front, and is to be found not only round about the bases, but in the actual firing-zones. We have it here disguised and undisguised, and in both forms doing its work exceedingly well.

A Startling Experience.

A London motorist had an experience the other day which was probably as unique as it must have been startling. He was driving his car along a main thoroughfare, keeping to the tram lines, when he suddenly became the centre of a series of lurid electric flashes. He pulled in to the side of the road and then set out to look for the cause of the phenomenon. After some search, he discovered that one end of his speedometer cable had become detached, and this had dropped through the conduit slot between the rails and made contact with the conductor. Hence the impromptu firework display.

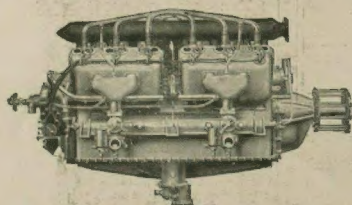
The Lubrication of Springs.

Suspension springs on the up-to-date car are usually provided with means for securing the access of lubricant to the leaves; but, even so, it is the exception rather than the rule to see a car whose owner really takes the trouble to keep his springs properly lubricated. A very good plan, and one which saves frequent lubrication—to say nothing of the messiness of repeated greasing—is to use a mixture of oil and graphite. The leaves should be separated sufficiently, either by means of a special tool which is sold for the purpose, or by jacking up the frame, to enable the mixture to gain access to all the frictional surfaces. If this is done properly, there is no fear of squeaking springs, and the effect will last for a considerable time.

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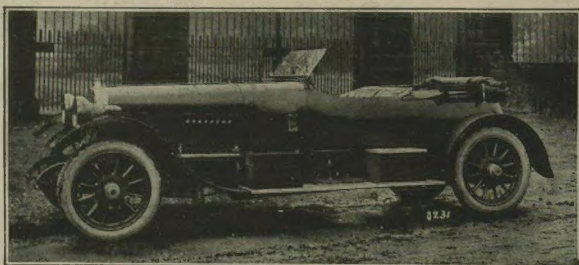
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"I was so pleased with these results that I have now had the gaiters fitted to my fourth car—a two-seater—the springs of which had got very stiff and rusty, and the increased comfort and speed are even more marked.

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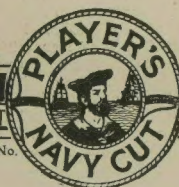
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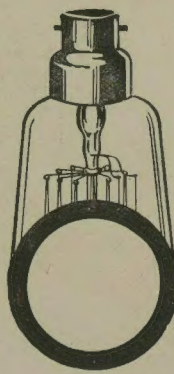
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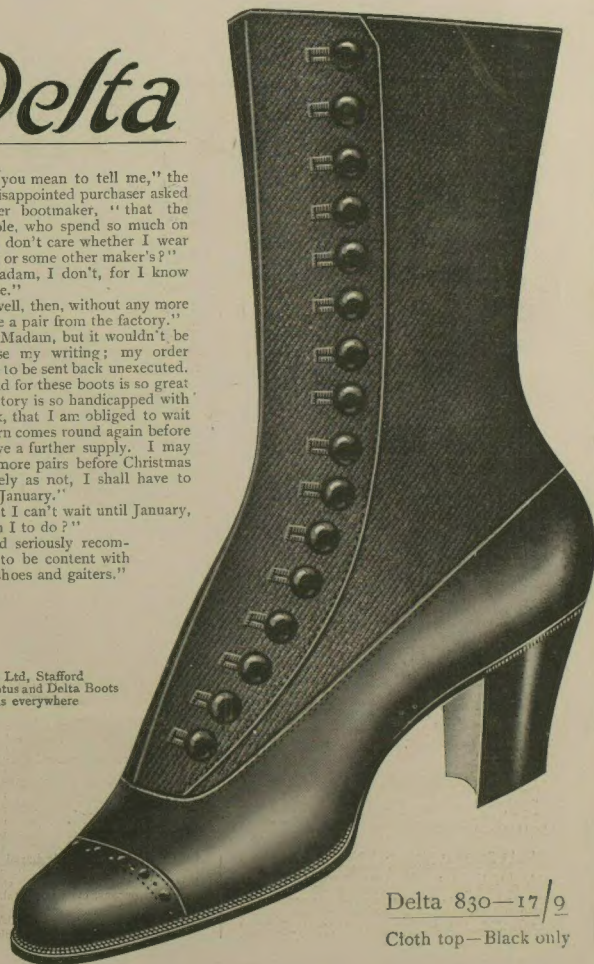
"Very well, then, without any more ado, get me a pair from the factory."

"Sorry, Madam, but it wouldn't be a bit of use my writing; my order would have to be sent back unexecuted. The demand for these boots is so great and the factory is so handicapped with Army work, that I am obliged to wait until my turn comes round again before I can receive a further supply. I may get a few more pairs before Christmas but, as likely as not, I shall have to wait until January."

"Oh, but I can't wait until January, so what am I to do?"

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NEW NOVELS.

"The Rose of Glenconnel." Margaret Gibbons (Mrs. Patrick MacGill) is undismayed by conventionality. She has the courage of the beginner. Who else, in this sophisticated age of literature, would make use of the rough but sentimental miners, and



ON A BRITISH SHIP: WOUNDED TURKISH PRISONERS.

the wee, golden-haired girl-child they take to their rugged bosoms when she is stranded in the camp at Glenconnel? Here once again is our dear old friend "the big-hearted, brawny-armed gold-digger," to whom "two sweet lips, fresh and pure as mountain-dew," are held up for a kiss. The miners are true to tradition. They send for lace and silken frills, and a nurse-woman, for their little ray of sunshine. Baby Rose grows into a lovely and innocent maiden, and bold bad Dick, handsome but treacherous, tampers with her young affections. "The Rose of Glenconnel" (Herbert Jenkins) is artless in the extreme. Its strong point—one not to be underrated—is that it really has a story to tell, and tells it. It is not at all a case of a

novel full of characters "all dressed up and nowhere to go." The miners, the maiden, the villain, the hero, and the inevitable baronet all conscientiously play out their parts. And in the last page there is Rosalie, "a fragrant, beautiful little bride, whose burning, blushing face was pressed close to Ronald's breast. . . . Then slowly, sweetly, and with all the love in her heart in her voice, Rosalie looked up and answered 'My husband!'"

"The Old Blood." The bright thought that is the secret of the happy ending in "The Old Blood" (John Murray) is not allowed to take charge until the last chapter, and since it is essential to the plot, and would reveal everything if disclosed, it is not our intention to give it away. Mr. Frederick Palmer, known to English readers by "My Year of the War," has used some of the material he gathered in that year in France to make a novel. He has the detachment we expect from an American, and the appreciation we look for in a good friend. His hero is a young American who is caught in France at the beginning of the war, has encounters with the invading Germans, and, called by the justice of the Allied cause and the blood of his British ancestors, volunteers for service in our Army. There are two heroines, sisters, one plain and the other pretty, and the book must be read through to find out which will canter home the winner. The struggle of nations is only slightly indicated in the story; that concerns itself, naturally enough, more with the fortunes of individuals. It is not a big achievement; but it is noteworthy for the evolution of a plot which, though threaded through the story of a soldier, has really little or nothing to do with it. Phil's wound might easily have been the result of a peace-time accident without interference with the course of his romance.

"Salt and Savour." The European war has bitten deep into the pleasant art of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. She has been for so long the witty and philosophical novelist of the Anglo-German point of contact that it is curious to see her measured observation dissolve in a white heat of abhorrence of the Prussian. The obnoxious German she has given us before; but with amusement, with the smile of a wise woman at his foibles. Now the foibles have swelled into something monstrous, and the philosopher smiles no more. (Not that "Salt and Savour" has no humour; that would be impossible from Mrs. Sidgwick.) She sees the Dead Sea fruit of which the Germans have eaten, until, as Professor Morgan has put it, "the whole nation is rotten to

the core." A story that begins with the arrival of two rather grotesque German visitors at their relations' house in England ends in the gigantic nightmare of Germany at war. "Salt and Savour" (Methuen) includes the marriage of Brenda, the English girl, to Lothar, the Prussian officer; and we may say here that it takes all the author's easy skill to make us accept Lothar as Brenda's successful suitor. The glamour of the old Germany accomplishes it; and forthwith the old Germany is swept into the melting-pot, whence emerge the conquerors of Belgium. The peaceful granny and great-granny in their Heidelberg garden are left behind, and we are deafened by the shouting of the Anglophobe Bedinners in August 1914. It is, of course, established that the modern Prussian will remain on record as this book describes him. Men of Lothar's kind committed the outrages of Aerschot and Dinant; and women like the Erdmanns have actually gloated over the loot from France and Belgium. It is German war. And Jutta, the "beautiful" Jutta, who went with a moonlight picnic party to see the ruins of Louvain. . . . All this in a book by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick! Its publication is one more indication, possessing its own significance, of the conviction that has come to stay in the hearts of the most intelligent, the best-informed, the most thoughtful women



ON A BRITISH TRANSPORT: "D.C.K." THE KANGAROO, A Mascot.

of our race. Once again, the people who pride themselves on not reading novels miss a great deal that it would be well for them to apprehend. "Salt and Savour," certainly, is a book no one should fail to read.

URODONAL

and GOUT.

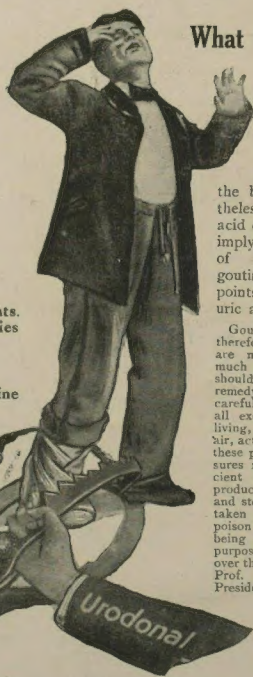
RHEUMATISM.
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GRAVEL.
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cleanses the Kidneys, Liver, and Joints.
It maintains the flexibility of the arteries
and prevents Obesity.

Urodonal

is to Rheumatism and Gout what Quinine
is to Fever.



What is Gout?

Gout, in common with Rheumatism, is caused through arthritis (excess of uric acid in the blood). Nevertheless, excess of uric acid does not always imply the presence of gout, whereas goutiness invariably points to excess of uric acid.

Gouty subjects should therefore know that they are manufacturing too much uric acid, and should take steps to remedy the condition by careful dieting, avoiding all excess or errors in living, leading an open-air, active life, etc. Even these precautionary measures may prove insufficient to prevent overproduction of uric acid, and steps will have to be taken to eliminate the poison as fast as it is being formed. For this purpose physicians all over the world (including Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Paris Académie de Médecine) recommend the use of URODONAL, which is thirty-seven times more active than lithia, as a solvent of uric acid, while possessing the additional advantage of being absolutely harmless, (unlike other remedies of a similar kind), and not causing injury to the heart, brain, stomach, kidneys, or other organs, even when taken in large and repeated doses.

Dr. DAURIAN,
Paris Faculty of Medicine.

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